

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING.

The earth is brown, and skies are gray,
And the windy woods are bare,
And the first white flakes of the coming
snow

Are about in the frosty air;
But the sparrow flies up from the hickory log
On the homestead's broad stone hearth,
And the windows shake, and the rafters
ring,
To the birds and the leaves' mirth.

The farmer's face is furrowed and worn,
And his locks are thin and white,
But his hand is steady, his voice is clear,
And his eye is blue and bright,
As he turns to look at his sweet old wife,
Who sits in her gown of gray,
With the cobweb 'kerchief, and creamy
frills

She wears on her wedding day.
He bows his head to the laden board,
And the guests they are silent all,
Thanksgiving, Lord, for the sun and rain,
And the fruit on the orchard wall,
For the silver wheat, and the golden corn,
And the crown of a peaceful life—
The greatest blessing that Thou canst give—
A true and a loving wife!

This white-haired lover he bends to kiss
Her hand in its frail face,
And the faded rose on her wrinkled cheek,
With a proud and a rousing grace,
And the snowflakes click on the window-
pane,
And the rafters ring above,
And the angels sing at the gates of God
The words of the farmer's love.

—Minnie Irving.

HOME AGAIN.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

ATHER a very singular name, Jane, such a very singular name. Oh, if it should be!

The words were a wail, in accents of such utter misery, that the strong woman who heard them felt her eyes grow misty. She bent over the lounge where the speaker, a silver-haired old lady, helpless for years with paralysis, was lifting beseeching eyes to her face.

"Don't take on, so, dear," she said, soothingly. "There's many one, the more's the pity, driven to suicide by hunger and cold. Why should this one be?"

Then she choked. Her nursing, her baby, the child she worshipped, driven by hunger and cold to suicide. "But, Jane," she invalid persisted, "it is such a strange name. See," and she pointed to one sentence in the paper before her: "the only clue to the identity of the would-be suicide is a wedding ring marked 'John to Delphine.'"

"I see," said the nurse, "but—"

And again the wished-for words of comfort failed her. The paragraph was no uncommon one, merely the record of a woman's attempt at self-destruction. She had turned herself off a bridge, elapsing a babe close in her arms, and had been rescued and taken, quite unconscious, to a hospital. Her dress was described and the inscription on the ring given; that was all.

But the paralyzed woman reading the newspaper was journeying over memory's plain, back—back twenty-five years, when a baby lay upon her breast, the only one God ever gave her. A blue-eyed babe, nursed tenderly, reared in every luxury, petted, indulged for twenty long years, the idol of two loving hearts. Then—oh, the bitter rock on the plain—one day this child of so much love left her home to follow the fortune of a man who was so unfit for the care of her sweet girlhood, that her father had forbidden him to enter the house where his child dwelt.

The lovers—if the very name is not a desecration, where on one side was mercenary calculations, on the other blind worship—met at the house of friends and planned an elopement.

When Delphine was gone, when no doubt of her treachery to her parents remained, her father, a stern, hot-tempered man, cursed her, and forbade her name to be mentioned in his house. And he had no other, even then helpless, shivering and moaned, and silently prayed for the child whose deceit could not destroy her mother's love.

And for five years no line came to tell them of repentance, no prayer for pardon.

One letter from John Hollis, the man who had so basely stolen a young, trusting girl from a happy home to follow his evil fortunes, the father answered, crumpling forever the hope of fortune that had prompted the villain.

Such a letter as he read, grinding his teeth with impotent rage, effectually prevented a second demand upon his father-in-law's purse, and Delphine knew in that hour what misery lay before her.

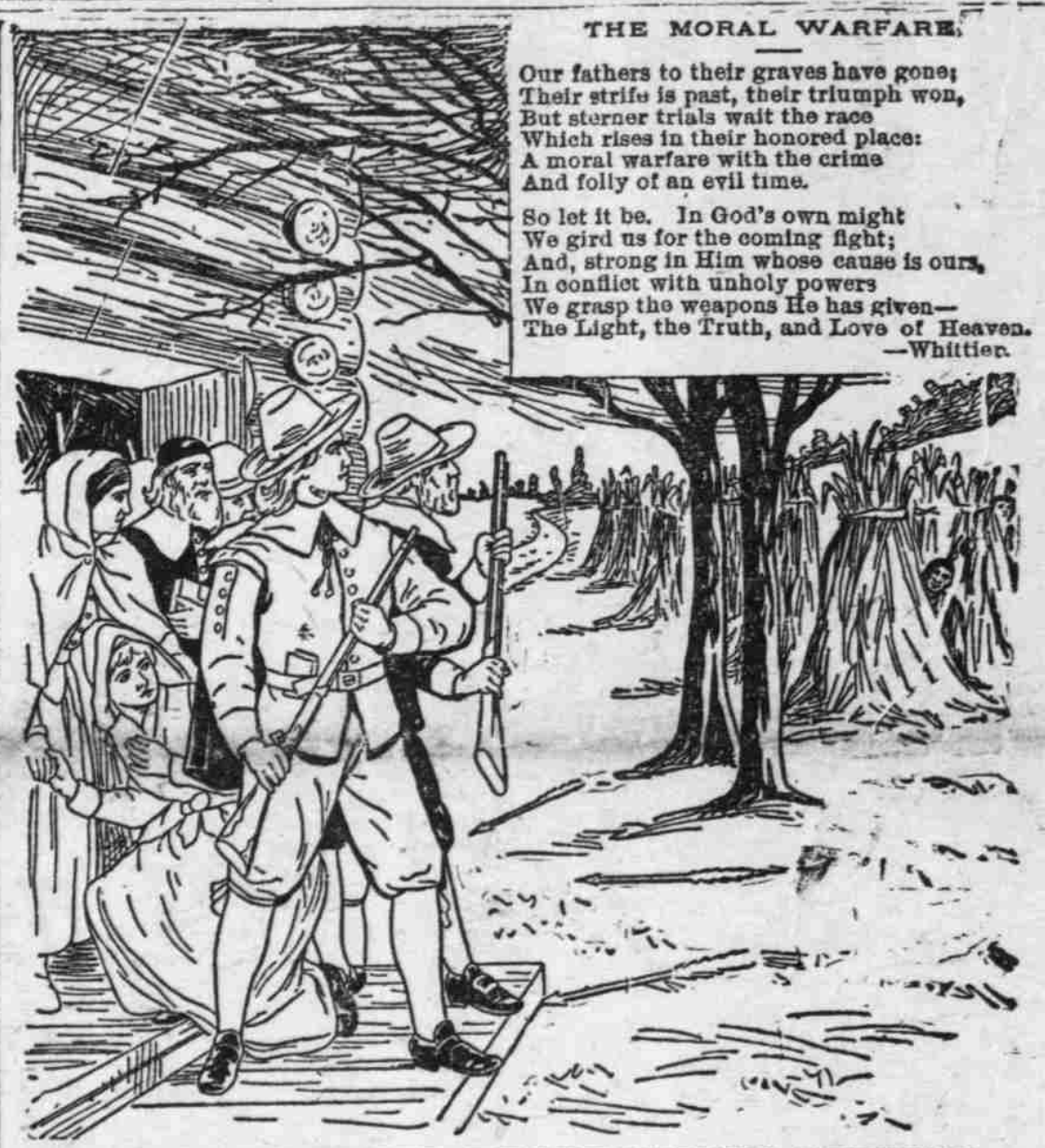
But she made no appeal.
The future she had deliberately chosen she accepted as her punishment, seeing at last how wickedly she had requited the love of years.

"Mrs. Bernard, dear," Jane said, softly, caressing the haggard face, at last buried in the pillows of the lounge, "don't—don't take on so."

"If I only knew, if I only knew," the mother moaned, "and, oh, Jane, it is Thanksgiving Day. How can I pray thankfully for my darling lies to-day in a hospital dying—by her own act? Jane, I must see Mr. Bernard."

Jane went willingly upon this errand, but returned slowly.

"Mr. Bernard has gone out, ma'am."



AN INTERRUPTED THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

"Gone out? Why, he never goes till after 10."

Down in the cosy library, where James Bernard enjoyed the leisure well earned by years of mercantile toil, the morning's newspaper had been opened deliberately, the money article scanned, the foreign news enjoyed, and the reader was idly looking over other columns, when a sentence seemed to spring out of the page before him, so clearly it stood defined against the mass of print.

"The only clue to the identity of the would-be suicide is a wedding ring, marked 'John to Delphine.'"

Eagerly every line of the tragedy was read, the sweet standing in great beads upon James Bernard's face.

"Shabby weeds!" he muttered, "a widow, starving!"

Then in his heart arose a great cry, breaking through the stern repression of years.

"Delphine, my girl, my treasure!" He could read no more. Only that one pitiful record could he see upon the whole broad printed sheet, and the yearning bitterness of his heart would not be stilled.

"I must be sure," he thought, at length. "I hope Delphine will not see this. Shall I see? No, my face would betray me. I will not see her until I can tell her it is not our child."

What? He would consider no further, but put on his overcoat and hat, and hurried out into the bleak November air. It was Thanksgiving Day, and the city wore its holiday air.

Stores were closed, and groups were going to and fro with the expression of expected pleasure brings upon faces. The butchers' carts rattled about noisily and hurriedly, that turkeys might be delivered in time to secure longer holiday for the carriers. Children with "going to grandma's" legitimately printed on their faces skipped lightly over the cold pavements.

Nobody noticed the handsomely dressed old man who strode rapidly in the direction of the city hospital, forgetting carriages, horse cars, everything but the necessity of satisfying that dreadful doubt in his heart.

Now he sickened for fear this desperate wretch was his child; now he prayed it might be, that he could claim her for his own again.

"Here—yes, sir," said the physician, in answer to her inquiries; "dying? Oh, yes, she'll get over it; needs food as much as anything. Can you see her? Certainly—Sarah," calling a nurse, "take this gentleman to the parlor ward."

"39—pauper," lay upon a cot that was scrupulously clean, perfectly comfortable, yet sent a chill to James Bernard's heart.

Her babe, a lovely boy of some six months, pale, but with large, dark eyes full of intelligence, was seated beside her, and the mother's eyes rested upon his face mournfully, but without any delicious fire.

James Bernard staggered back a little, and the nurse whispered: "She's quite herself this morning, though she will tell us nothing of herself. Shall I speak to her?"

"No, I—I will speak to her."

The voice was hoarse, choked, but the woman upon the bed heard it, and looked up.

Many a cry of anguish, of dying agony, of piteous appeal had rung through that "pauper ward," but never one of more passionate entreaty than the one word, "Father!" that burst from the lips of the woman snatched from death by a policeman's rough grasp not twenty-four hours before.

The morning was dragging wearily along in the room where every luxury wealth could command was heaped about Mrs. Bernard's invalid lounge. Trembling with excitement, mingled hope and fear, the mother watched the hands of the clock travel slowly over the face. Again and again Jane had gone to the library, only to return to make the same report.

"It's not come yet, ma'am."

It was past noon when the long strained patience gave way.

"Jane you must go to the hospital. I shall die in this agony of doubt. You can see it—if this is a stranger, and—if not—oh, Jane, surely—surely her father will forgive her now."

As if in answer to the cry James

THE MORAL WARFARE.

Our trials and their graves have gone,
Their strife is past, their triumph won,
But sternest trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place:
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight;
And, strong in His whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers
We grasp the weapons He has given—
The Light, the Truth, and Love of Heaven.

—Whittier.



AN INTERRUPTED THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

Bernard at this moment entered the room. Upon his face there was a strange solemnity, and not seeming to see the quivering lips, the imploring eyes lifted to his face, he kissed his wife tenderly.

"Delia," he said, gently, "did you read the newspaper this morning?"

"Yes, James—I—"

"You saw, perhaps, a paragraph describing the attempted suicide of a woman named—"

"Delphine! James, you read it? James—James you will see if it can be our child. James, you will forgive her now!"

And the poor, helpless figure writhed as if the poor mother would have thrown herself at her husband's feet.

"You thought—too," he said huskily.

"Yes, yes, Jane was going to go, but now you will go. You will see if our darling, our Delphine, has been driven to such mad misery as to try and take the life we cherish so tenderly. James, you will go!"

"Delia, you must try to be calm," cried her husband, frightened at the terrible agitation, so much more pitiful from her inability to move, except above her waist. It was awful to see the white, thin fingers twisting and working, the pale face so agonized. Literally afraid to tell his tidings, James Bernard took the little figure in his arms.

"If you will be quiet, love," he said, "I will tell you good news."

She was quiet enough then, lying panting with exhaustion in her husband's arms.

"Then you know!" she gasped. "I have been to the hospital?"

"And it is not our Delphine?"

"Delia, it is our Delphine!"

"Oh, James—James!" and here the tears broke forth, and the invalid shook with sobs.

"Our Delphine, Delia."

"Dying?"

"Thank Heaven, no! She has had hours of unconsciousness, but is rational again, and she knew me. Her illness now is not dangerous, only the effect of—" with a choking sob: "Starvation!"

"Oh, James—James!"

"She can be nursed back to life."

"There?"

"Can you bear it, Delia? She is here!"

"And not with me? Oh, how can you keep her from her mother?"

In answer to the cry, James Bernard left the room, motioning Jane to follow him. Only a few moments later he returned, half supporting, half carrying, a weak, trembling woman, who sank, half fainting, into her mother's arms.

There was a long silence, broken only by the voice of Mrs. Bernard, speaking low, earnest words and murmurs in answer, faint and low, but full of tenderness.

Then Jane appeared, asking: "Is there no welcome for my bonnie boy, the darling with grandpa's eyes?"

And a glad greeting followed the painful, yet joyful meeting between the parents and the long lost child. It was a sad story Delphine told to sympathizing listeners; but the miseries, the trials of the unloved wife were softened in the widow's recital, and over the dead was spread a mantle of gentle charity and forgiveness.

"Dinner, Mrs. Bernard," Jane said, at last, "dinner."

And while she set the invalid's table, James Bernard escorted Delphine to the dining room to preside over the bountiful feast provided there, with a heart full of most sincere and fervent thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving Decoration.

The old question comes up again and again as to how to devise something novel for Thanksgiving decoration. The day is one pre-eminently homely and simple in its spirit and traditions—a day set apart for returning thanks because of the necessities and every day comforts of life.

Nothing is so appropriate in commemorating the occasion as the embellishments from the harvest fields.

In drawing rooms nothing is more effective than Indian corn and diminutive yellow pumpkins, the corn with its long stalks and golden ears stacked on either side of the wide doors or grouped in corners, the small pumpkins with more ears of corn piled at the base.

Vines of cranberry crowded with the tiny red globes can trail across mantel shelves or twine up and down columns, while garlands of red and green peppers, all sizes and shapes, and great bunches of wheat and oats are rich and beautiful in effect. Fruits of all kinds—grapes, late pears and peaches, rosy apples and purple plums, mingled with their own foliage are unique and highly typical of the harvest home.

For dining table ornamentation a novel and most attractive mode is to cut from the ordinary garden vegetables shapes simulating flowers—from the beet a deep red rose; from the yellow turnip, a tiger lily; a white lily or chrysanthemum from the potato, with lettuce leaves for foliage, while cabbage, celery, cauliflower and the dozen other kitchen garden productions add blossoms to this original bouquet. One of the ornaments serves at each place as a favor, while a huge group mingled with fruits forms a fine centerpiece.

It is a very simple matter to shape these mock flowers, a sharp knife and a little skill is all that is required. They may be prepared the day before Thanksgiving and kept fresh in a bowl of water.

Revenge.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the old Gobbler of the young Tom, as he observed that fine looking bird standing in a corner of the barnyard on his left leg, and drawing in and shooting out the right with monotonous persistence.

"Hardening my muscles," replied the young Tom, shifting to the right leg and keeping up the performance with his left.

"Are you entered for the Thanksgiving?" inquired the old Gobbler.

"No," responded the young Tom; "I am entered for the Thanksgiving dinner, and that boy who lives in the big house has been coming out here every day for a month to see how I am coming on. Well, if I must be eaten, I must, but that boy isn't going to give many thanks when he tackles my drumsticks, that's all!"—Harper's Weekly.

A Thought for Thanksgiving.

"The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain chose where it should fall, God's showers would not fail us they do now."

Tale of a Tough Turkey.

Right up to the market stall strode he, And bought a bird that was ten pounds three. Then quickly home to his wife he sped, And told her all that the man had said of how to pick and stuff and cook.

And so with loving hands he took That tough old bird that was hard and gray, And into the oven she stowed him away.

And then—for their married life was young— With joyous hearts they sat and sung, Until, as around the clock hands spun, She said with a smile that was bright and done.

And he laughed aloud, and his joy was great, For his stomach told that the hour was late. And he kissed his wife and he kissed her knee, At the old bird that was ten pounds three.

And said, "I will cut him now in two." And he cut him in two, and he cut him in two, And he cut him in two, and he cut him in two, And he cut him in two, and he cut him in two.

And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And he hunched away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was lame.

And the hours wore on and the weeks sped by, And with a shaken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, With patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knife blade broke, And his withered frame sank down, she spoke.

And said with a smile, that was half a sneer, "I should think you would learn to carve, my dear."

A Funny way to make money—Write jokes.

Life Interest for a Doc.

George Barton, of Philadelphia, Penn., who died recently, left an estate of \$30,200, and among other things directed his executors to find a good home for his dog, "Cap," to pay his board, and at his death to place his body in a box and have him buried.

A Defeated Candidate Kills Himself.

James Hannaford, who was the defeated Democratic nominee for County Clerk, committed suicide at Peoria, Ill., by shooting himself through the head. He had been dependent since the election.

Thirty Miners Killed by Fire Damp.

A colliery in Heeklinghausen, Westphalia, Germany, was the scene of a disaster in which a large number of persons were killed by an explosion of fire damp. Twenty-seven bodies were soon removed from the pit, and three miners were then still buried in the mine.

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SPAIN IS SORELY TRIED.

Weyler Unsuccessful and Porto Rico Threatens Revolt.

MACEO CHECKMATES SPANISH.

Cuban Insurgents Closing in Upon the Towns.—A Determined Attack Upon All Vulnerable Points in Puerto Principe Province.—Philippine Revolt Growing and a Rising in Porto Rico Feared.

HAVANA, Cuba. (By Cable).—The situation in Cuba is about this: Captain-General Weyler was ordered to the field against his protest. This led to a rupture with the home Government, but he is now making a campaign of action; the first one made since

the war began. Weyler is following Maceo, and reinforcements are daily sent to him from Havana. Maceo must meet him in big battle, and upon this battle depends the success or defeat of the insurgent movement.

It is believed, from every indication, that the end of the war is near. General Weyler, since being ordered to the field, has shown great generalship, but he has been defeated so far in forcing a fight. He is now making a truce of living men in place of a line of forts and guarded posts.

Advices from special correspondents state that the officials at the palace are still with definite information as to the position of Captain-General Weyler in Pinar del Rio. One report places him at San Cristobal, or near that point, where recent despatches from Madrid also locate Antonio Maceo. The Government is also without news of a decisive engagement in the western province.

It may be stated, however, that many soldiers, both ill and wounded, are being taken to central points where they can receive medical aid. It is, in fact, declared in Key West despatches that several of Captain-General Weyler's aides are among those who have been wounded in the last campaign, and counts of which have either not been sent or have been suppressed.

Reports of engagements further east state that the Spanish forces have gained important victories in Santa Clara Province, where General Luque is in command. General Lopez Amor is said to have met the enemy under Serafin Sanchez and defeated them. Sanchez and Molina are reported to have been killed, and Corrallo, the chief of the insurgents in the province, wounded. If Sanchez is dead the rebel government in the island has lost its acting Secretary of War.

In addition to the 25,000 men who were returned to their countries, the Commission reports that 2,023 were returned as belonging to other prohibited classes.

Those who had become public employees within a year after their arrival were returned to their countries.

The report says statistics do not justify the conclusion that our alien population is growing in undue proportion. The figures for the past year compared with the average annual immigration for the preceding five fiscal years, discloses a decrease of over 21 per cent.

Although the House committee on appropriations meets November 20th for the commencement of work on the appropriation bills the estimates of the various departments have not been completed. The law requires these estimates to be submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury 15 days before the opening of the fiscal year, and all administrations. In partial from the estimates will be ready when the House committee meets but will not be made public.

Dr. Burgess, sanitary inspector of the marine hospital service at Havana, reports to Surgeon General Wyman that there was greater mortality from yellow fever at Havana during the past month (October) than any month of this year so far.

Owing to the satisfactory condition of the gold reserve, the Treasury Department has decided to abandon the reports by telegram from the sub-Treasury in New York, the condition of the sub-Treasury will hereafter be reported to the Department by mail as usual.

Two new postmasters for North Carolina have been appointed. M. O. Miller, vice C. C. Miller, resigned, at Buxton, Darlington, N. C., and J. E. Connell, vice H. F. Stone, resigned, at Blaine, Chatham county, N. C.

It is stated at the Navy Department, in extension of the fact that the court of inquiry in the battleship Texas is held behind closed doors, that it is not thought advisable to give publicity to the probable weakness in the ship just at the present juncture when the eyes of other nations are directed to our naval and military affairs. It is learned that the investigation is developing some startling facts about the structural strength of the ship's hull which has caused so much concern since her keel was laid. The most remarkable thing about the recent flooding of the ship is that the water tight doors leaked and other compartments were flooded in addition to that in which the accident occurred. It is now developed on account of lack of stiffness in all the bulkheads of the ship and consequent warping of the frames and plates, that none of the doors when closed were hermetically sealed, and the hull and cellular system of the vessel is therefore practically worthless.

This year's raw sugar supply of the world surpasses that of '95 notwithstanding the enormous Cuban deficit, according to official statistics received at the Department of State from Consul General Karel at St. Petersburg.

The Supreme Court of the United States has been called upon to determine the constitutionality of the bill passed by the Utah Legislature, limiting to eight hours a day's work in an underground mine in that State. The statute provides that except property in a mine, no one shall work more than eight hours a day in an underground mine and that no one shall employ a man to do so.

The Georgia General Assembly has formally elected John C. Hall for United States Senator. There were 198 votes cast, of which 161 were for Clay.

At Bardonia, Ky., the National Fox Hunters Association's third annual meeting for fox hunting was held for two years. A large assemblage of fox hunters from all parts of the country.

A party of twenty-five distinguished New Jersey Saturday dedicated the monument to the State at the Chickamauga National Park at Chattanooga, Tenn. Several distinguished gentlemen made addresses.

At Richmond, Va., Judge Shinton dismissed the petition for another receiver of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad, and Gen. John Gill will remain sole receiver of said road.

People from Eastern, Northern and Western States have bought 1,000 acres of land from A. S. Doner, on the Mason and Columbia railroad, twelve miles from Columbia, Ga., and will establish a colony.

All About the North.

At St. Paul, Minn., Rev. J. C. Hall, the preacher on trial charged with attempting to poison his wife, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to State prison for five years.

The announcement is made that the Holy Father has appointed Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conarty rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., to succeed the late John J. Keenan, who died at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

The third annual convention of the National Hardware Association met in Philadelphia.

John R. Gentry, the famous hardihood of the world, was sold at auction in Madison Square Garden, New York, to Lewis G. Tewksbury, of that city, for \$19,900. The buyer also owns Robert J. and Mascot.

Fitzsimmons declines to accept the terms of the New York ticket club to fight Corbett for a third round. He wants a finish fight.

Judge I. C. Parker, the famous Arkansas jurist, is dead. He presided over court for twenty-one years without missing a day.

The town of Mercer, Pa., fifty miles east of Erie, is reported to have been hit, and the loss estimated at \$200,000.

Hon. R. P. Giles, Congressman-elect from the First Missouri District is dead.

Foreign Chit-Chat.

Our imports from Cuba have fallen from 141, and exports have decreased in proportion.

King Oscar II of Sweden and Norway have given further evidence of his kindly feeling to Americans by sending a message of sympathy to the people of New York and Mrs. Daniel W. Tompkins, of New York City, met their death by accident on July 4 last.

When Blenden walked a rope over Niagara, thousands went to see him who would hardly have walked a block to see him walk the same rope stretched twenty feet above their heads. Why? Manifestly because in the one case a fall would have been a trifling affair, and in the other he would have gone down to sure death. Now a searcher after glory and a million-dollar announcement that he will ride across Niagara on a bicycle over a charged wire. Of course thousands will go to see the wonderful and idiotic feat, and if he goes down to the whirlpool and rocks below there will be the usual emotional effects, including sobbing men and fainting women, who went there half expecting just such a tragedy.

A Mince Pie.

The mince pie of to-day is round. Four centuries ago to eat a round mince pie would be to stigmatize yourself as a Jew or a heretic. The orthodox shape is a long oval. It was doubtless meant to represent the cradle in Bethlehem, and tradition further asserts that the strange mixture which makes the mince represents the fruits and spice with which the three kings in the legend filled the cradle.

THE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion.....	\$ 20
One square, one month.....	1 00
One square, two months.....	2 00
One square, three months.....	2 50
One square, six months.....	5 00
One square, one year.....	9 00

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